A

MASTIF WHELP

with other ruff-I ſland-lik Currs fetcht from amongſt the Antipedes.

Which bite and barke at the fantaſticall humoriſts and abuſers of the time.



Imprinted amongſt the *Antipedes*, and are to be ſould, where they are to be bought.

To my very loving Frends, GF. RN. WS. RG. IF. IG. Gentlemen of the Innee Temple.

REnoewned flattcapps (worthy sprighted men)
Accept (but doo't with thanks) fruites of my penn
Protect with tongnes (for tongues are Lawyers helpes)
My toothles (though much seeming-bitten) whelpes
Protect em wagges, and when their teeth growes longe
They shall with teeth' protect ech Lawyers tongue
Defend em waggs, and when I come from warr
I meane (If you'le stand fort)* Ile haue you cald tooth barr.
noe-
arfe

Euer yours

Willyam Goddard.

TO THE READER.

EXpect noe fine phraſe from a Souldyers penn
For (Reader) wee the bluntest are of men
Our Elloquence wee vtter with our ſwordes
Makinge our deedes to polliſhe o're our wordes
But yf thou likſt a harſhe vnpolliſht vaine
Why then reade or'e this infant of my braine
It knowes not howe to fawne, it wantes his wittes
To clawe the backe, like true-bredd parraſitts
Its'like (as tis) the Maſtif whelpe which bites
Thoſe whom it plaies with, more then it delightes
It is noe lewe to pleaſe a ladyes ſight
It barkes too loude, t'would wake hir in the night
If thou affectſt a right-bredd dogg forth' Beare
Then keepe this whelpe; this dogg ſuch beaſtes will teare
Or wouldſt haue *Raynard* hunted to his denn?
Heele hunt him too't and fetch him out agenn
Heele ſeazs vppon the wolfe, (ſoe bitten's hee)
Noe beaſte this dogg will dread that he cann ſee
Heele hunt the hogg, and ſhalt not neede be feard,
For heele deſcrie eatche knaue with in thy yard
If thou canſt like a Curr which is ſoe ruff
Then take thou this: he's full as feirce as tuff.

W. G.

The Maſtiffe

Satire 1.

GOe *Maſtiff Whelpe* diſdenn thy ſelfe a while
With ſullen ſport make thou thy mayſters ſmyle:
Be wanton: yet amidſt thy beſt delight
Not onelie barke, but make as yf thoudſt bite
Grynn, ſnarle, and on thy beſt freind look ſoe grym
As yf thoudſt at one ſnapp devouer him.

Satire 2.

THou penn of myne doe not with myld-calme rymes:
Sooth-vp th'abuſes of theſe barbrous tymes.
But like a Lyon come thou ruf and feirce
And with black boy ſtrous ſtormes theſe men-beaſtes peirce
Let thy ruff galles be ſuch as make them ſearche,
Aud ſcudd to find a ſafe place where to pearche
Blaſte-black theire hues who 'gainſt gods ſacred dyetie
Has bolcht the pitch-black-blazes of Impyetie
Dread not the greatſt: thart licenſt penn to doo't
But yf he open lies, I chardge the ſhoot,
Spare not to ſaie there's noe ſuch villanie
As is Deathe-ſtaringe-cruell tyrannye
Scorne thou the troubled enſignes of pale feare
Doo't ſouldyer-like with bold and liuelie cheere
Whith buſſinge whiſpers flye-blowe not the eare
But what thou doſt, with boldnes let, tappeare
Goe boldlie penn, goe bluntlie guie th'aſault
And laſhe eache man accordinge to his fault.

Satire 3.

Gallants

Whelpe.

GAllants you wil be *Dyinge* this Chriſtemas
Ille Praie that eyther of you well maie paſſe
I praie nowe perdon me, for this doubt I
That ſome of you at this time Ill will die
And then my noble waggs (excuſe me hoe)
There is a thinge calls on you, Weſt-ward hoe?
Dye well (madd waggs) and here I will preſadge
To gold (yf feynds barr not) youl haue paſſadge.

Satire 4.

SOlus the ſtudent takes on him ſuch ſtate
That ſure the gallants Lordefyd' of late
My *Goldſmith* is quoth he *the beſt* i'th towne
And none could *Shredd* my Taylor ere putt downe
Puſh, puſh quoth hee, looke on my rapy'rs guylt
None like my Cutler faſhons out a hilt
Yf others talk of *Barbers*, he'ele crie tutt
Awaie t'is myne that has the exlentſt cutt
What doe I prate? he maie vſe this word *my*
For ſure the wayte on him which watchfull eye
But ſhall I tell you howe? and ceaſe to ieſt
Oh! t'is with Seriannts Solus *to areſt.*

Satire 5.

NOwe ſpitefull Fortune doe the worſte you can
Yet Iack will riſe to be a gentleman
Did not Iacks Lord leane on his ſhonlders late
Chock him on the chynn, ſtroake him on the pate
Lendinge Iack ſmyles when Iack ſpeakes but a word
Ah here be hopefull greaces from a Lord

The Maſtiffe

Who er'es a wynner, yet if Iack haue thoſe
I cannot ſee howe Iack cann riſe and leeſe

Satire 6.

SVrveyinge Summus ſcornes to tell a lie
Yet hee cann number all the ſtarrs ith ſkie
Hee'le tell howe manie graſ-blades growes ith landes
Heele juſtlie number all the ocean ſandes
Howe manie howres t'is ſince the world begann
He reckon cann: and counte the moates ith ſunn
Theſe by his Arte cann he doe exlent well
Yet in's owne purſe he nere could twelue pence tell.

Satire 7.

AStromus, euerye night on's back dus lie
Surveying of eache thinge ith ſtarrye ſkie
He gazeth on the Beare, and Charles his waine
On all Celeſtiall ſignes that fore tells raigne
He'el tell you when th'clipſe ſhalbe ith Sunn
This yeare he'ele tell what next yeare ſhalbe done
Yet for his life he cannot tell before
The certen times, when's wife means plaie the ——

Satire 8.

WIll *Leſtas* loue his booke? I fayth Sir noe,
Heele be more conſtanter I hope then ſoe
Has not he vowd' his thoughts too'th good ale pote?
He knowes inconſtancie in loue's a blott
What's in a booke to yeild delight to man?
Iuſt naught to that which is ith ale-howſe cann

The

Whelpe.

The *Cann* has that which whetts the dulled witt
But bookes holdes naught but that which dulleth it
Leſtas, be wiſe, and lie cloſe to thy loue
Though freindes doe babble, doe not thou remoue.

Satire 9.

THou *Fernydus*, awaie thou wicked man
I ſcorne to write on thee although I cann
Scudd ſilver-ſcraper: ritch wretch, hence, awaie
Thou owſt thy gutts a debt, that debt goe paie,
Goe cloath thy back, its more then halfe vnſtript
Its nowe, juſt as it were, when thou wert whipt
Goe broane-bread-eater, think that this my penn
Much ſcornes to write on water drynkinge men.

Satire 10.

ASke who they be? demaund not that of me
Nor I, nor none (I thinke) knowes who they be
To daie theile Divells be, but next daie then
They'le neyther Divells be nor Earthlie men
An other daie theyle Kinges vnto you ſeeme
The next daie (happ'lye) you'l them beggers deeme
Noe ſhape, nor forme, they euer longe contayne
Leſt be the fooles, but that they ſtill mayntayne.
If they nor apes, nor fooles, nor Players *bee*
Then who they are? I cannot aunſwere yee.

The Maſtiffe

Satire II.

COtts pluttronells hir was appuſed bee
Hir was a ſhentleman all worl was ſee
Was not hir father effer wheare coot freeze?
And effer trink coot trynk? was toſt coot ſheeze
Was not hee make hir create pigg ſoe to yeyld
Kild a create deale a ſhyaunts in te feyld
Hir was a ſhentleman, all worl was ſee
Pye Cott, and pluttronells was wronged be.

Satire 12.

PRatus; thou art a Buſie-bodie growne
Ioo talkatiue 'Pon matters not thy owne
What though the Spanyard, Pope, and Divell plotts?
Let em Pratus: they doe not deale with Sotts
The States are wiſe, they cann ſee fire in ſmother
It is not ſects cann part the tone from tother
They'l hold in peace: t'is not their publick foe
Shall take t'hadvantadge of a partinge blowe
And therefore man, of thy owne buſnes prate
They'le hold their freind which helpes them hold their ſtate.
Goe buſie-body'd fooliſh-pratinge mome
Buſie thy bodie, on thy wife at home:
Gett her with child: it's hightime ſhee had one
Ioynd thirtye yeares? it is a ſhame thaſt none
Let ſtates alone: thou needſt' not them to teache
They are to wiſe to make theyre foes a breache

Whelpe.

Satire. 14

COmfort thy ſelfe old *Mops*, & doe not weepe
What need'ſt thou woman ſuch a whyning keepe?
Thy ſonn's as well as anie man ith' lande,
Why all he did, was bidd a man but ſtande,
And told him coyne he lackt; there's thoſe doe worſe,
Then bidd an honeſt man deliver's purſe.
He ſpake him faire, andtooke but what hee had,
Then what need'ſt' weepe old girle? what art thou madd?
Come: cheere vp Laſſe, for 'tis a gen'rall thing,
That youth (doe what thou canſt) will haue their ſwinge.

Satire. 15.

QUoth hom-bred *Hodge* wudd god aboue c'had put *Will* t'zchoole
C'hadd la're than a groate, c'had larnt him but his Zaltar
C'hadd than done well enough, c'hadd nee'r been beg'd a Voole
By maz-la, c'hadd made vm all vurſt joockt a halter,
C'has eyes, c'has eares, chas lipps, & yet c'his begd a voole
Vath c'ham in vault my zelfe, c'hud ne're put boye t'zchoole.
Maz wiue *Zibb*-la, watt ze'ſt? c'hill to the Court my zelfe,
C'hill trye t'an begg the boye; it's but a zaying nay,
C'hill ſpend vort-ſhillinges & more a pelfe
But c'hill ha my zonn *William* vrom vm all away.
But ear'ſte tou me Zibb? eecbe veare me this will come to paſſe,
Now thay ha' gott my Voole, thay'le come & begg my Aſſe.

The Maſtiffe

Satire. 16.

CAptayue *Turne-hir-vpp* hath not Idle beene,
Hott was the ſeruice he of late hath ſeene,
Lowe-countreye ſervice affords great daunger
Soe he reportes; but greateſt to a ſtraunger,
Yet this he ſaies, if one may but beleeue him
The pay's ſoe good, ſmale woundes would neuer greeue him.
To his great detryment he loſte a joynte,
But Indge where twas: oh! hard at's Codpeece poynte
(To his praiſe I ſpeake it) yet heed' not out,
But there tooke a bigger [aie] as he fought:
For which (braue man) hee's fayne to keepe his bedd
And's banckropt turn'd of all the haire on's head,
Oh! how he banns the wounding whir i gig,
For cauſing him to weare this perrywigg,
Nay neuer begger hath ever curſt the ſtocks,
As Captayne Turne-hir-vp *hath donte the* ——

Satire 17.

IGraunt it (*Coſmus*) that fond loue is blinde,
And incident (almoſt) to all mankinde,
Yet *Coſmus* though mens ſeeing ſence dus fayle them,
Their ſmelling ſence (mee thinkes) ſhould much avayle them.
Oh! crye you mercie ſir, your Loue's a Roſe,
And therefore cannot chuſe but pleaſe your noſe:
Praye God ſhee dus; but faith I doubt it much,

Whelpe.

I feare me *Coſſ*, ſhee has a poulcats tutch,
Naye thats not all: I feare ſhee has ſuch trickes
As ſtill hir ſtalke will allwaies haue ſome prickes.
Cutt off thoſe prickes; then Coſmus *pre'thee tell.*
Whether thy Roſe *yeildes not a better ſmell,*

Satire. 18

Ralus why did'ſt thou hoyſt and beare thy ſayles ſoe high?
That none expected but thou'dſt ſayle into the ſkye?
Did'ſt think that *Eolus* would ever prooue ſoe kinde?
As never jogg thy barke with one ruff blaſt of winde:
I know thou did'ſt; but now poore *Ralus* thou maieſt ſee
How ſafe's the ſhrubb, ouer the lofty-towring tree,
Com lett this paſſe: now *Ralus* thinke but what thou art,
And quite forgett (as wiſdome biddesthee) what thou wert,
It is noe matter man, what ever thou haſt beene,
Thinke this! the Owle's not wondred at vntill hee's ſeene.

Satire 27.

Allenus thou of late art growne of wondrous fame,
But *Gallen*; prythee tell me how thou cam'ſt byth'ſame.
Reporte dus ptare, tha'ſt twenty patients in one daie,
And ſometimes manie more; ſoe prating fame dus ſay,
Yet aſke him who they are that comes ſoe faſte to thee,
His anſwer is, that femall creatures all they bee.
Faith Doctor it is well, thy ſtudy is to pleaſe

The Maſtiffe

The Femall ſex, and how their corp'rall griefes to eaſe
But hark: you had a patient named *Doll* I'me ſure,
Vppon whoſe body you did doe a famous cure.
Indeed (good *Gallen*) ſhee a right true patient were
You know ſhee putt vp much, and very much did beare.
I praie, may but a man without authority
Demaund what is become of this ſame *Dorithie*?
Oh! ſh:e's gone to purge, for late ſhee tooke a gliſter:
Faithe Doctor you did Ill, you might haue done but kiſt her.
A peſtilence on't, that you would giue ſoe deepe a touch
And hauing ſkill, would ouer-ſhoot the marke ſo much.

Satire 20.

Thou ſai ſt *Demetas* Poets heades are vaine,
And to ſmale purpoſe they doe take great paine:
Noe *Demetas*; vaine thy Father was, or madd
To ſcrape much wealthe for an vnthrifty Ladd.
Thou art not vaine to ſpende in brav'rie,
All what thy old Dadd gott by poling knau'rie.
This is not vaine: nor is it vaine to pyne
Thy ſhruncke-vp gutts, to trimme thy wife vp fine
Noe *Demetas*; nor tis not vaine to wrack
Tenaunts: loading (with Lordſhipps) thy wiues back,
Theſe are not vaine; but he which beates his braine
To picture out men vaine: why, hee is vaine.

Satire 21.

Nicks

Whelpe.

Nick's deepely learnd, hee's ſkild' in palmeſtrie,
Hee'le make yong Girles beleeue he is a God,
And with his chaunting arte of Minſtrelſie,
Hee'le make the litle waggtayles finely nodd,
Oh! hee's moſt rare to fore-tell deſtenies,
Or by his phiſnomie to know a knaue,
His ſable carradge fitts ſadd obſequies,
His ſkilfull tricks a conny-catching ſlaue.
Yet all theſe artes did not ſoe much befrend him
As once foretell that Tiborne Tree ſhould end him.

Satire 22.

Noll has the ſkill to winn and woe a wife,
Then why ſhould *Noll* (praie) lead a ſingle life?
He followe plowe? faith ſir he ſcorns it plaine
Why Ladies faire will not *Noll's* ſuite diſdaine.
Let but his wench intreate him to ſitt downe,
Hee will not ſtraight waies doe it like a Clowne
But off with's hatt, make's legg, & anſwere naie,
With I'me as well, forſooth, I thanke you ſaie
Naie, *Noll*:n's courting, none comes nie him,
They all may learne; puſh, they muſt goe by him:
Haue they the hart to ſitt by Miſtriſſe *Fraunces*?
He has; naie more: hee'le pinck with pretty glaunces,
The'ile blurt forth this; thei'le ſweare they doe affect hir,
And from greate perrills the'ile ſtill protect hir,
Faugh, faugh: ti's ſtale; ti's nothing like to his,
Noll's bold-ſpiritt wil ſerue to giue a kiſſe,

And ſome times *Noll* will make his long diſcourſe
Of any thing; I, of an olde brood-gooſe,
Or of his mothers henn with' copple crowne,
Oh! quoth *Noll*. non laies ſuch egges in all the Towne.
And then hee vp & tells how ſhee's ath' kinde
Such a henn quoth *Noll*, (oh)! 'tis rare to finde.
And when to walke diſpoſ'd is meſtreſſe *Frauncis*,
Before hir like a fore-horſe *Nolkin* praunces.
Cann *Courtyers* ſaie this is a goodly weather?
Awaie plaine witts, they cann but toſſe a feather.
Cann *Courtyers* ſighing by their Looues, thus ſaie?
This Raine (alack) is to to badd for hay,
Or thrice in one houre aſke them what's a clock?
Fie, their witts to his are dull; I, meere a block.
Yet theiſe from witty Noll *extem'pre comes,*
Come come, to Noll *all Courtyers are meere momes.*

Satire 23.

HOw? *Iames* a man? his Rapire is not guilt,
Hee fight? I, when his dublett's wrought with quilt,
Hang him ſlaue, hee cannot call a whore a whore,
Nor with a grace breake vp a ſinners doore,
Hee'l ſaie *Mall*, I praie *Mall* let me kiſſeyee,
Or Miſtreſſe *Marye* thinke how well I wiſhe yee,
Elſe hold hir by the hande & ſigh apace,
Or like th'aſtronomer heele ſtand & gaze,
Gaping for changes in his *Maryes* face.
Come hang him doult, bith' Lord hee's but a gull,
For witt I neuer knewe an Aſſe more dull.

Whelpe.

Satire 24.

THe Rule's not falſe that's held in learn'd Philoſophie,
How all th' fowre ellements togeather dus abide:
Experienc't *Colcus* dus the ſame now Iuſtifie,
Alas alas, too late the'xperience he hath tried,
For as he ſayl'd along the Midd'terranian gulfe,
Which lies right over *Beſſes* equenoxtiall line
(Aye) there he met with ſuch a hott & firie wulfe
That has conſumed quite poore *Colcus* friggott fine,
Before that Colcus *this experience had well tried,*
To heare this argument could Colcus *ne're abide.*

Satire 25.

WHerein dus *Ouids* Eccho that ſweete am'rous Nimph;
Excell the Ladie *Delphis* our moſt heau'nly Imph?
As *Ouids* nimph would ſtill *Narciſſus* laſt words vſe,
Like ſoe dus *Delphis* hir ſweet *Pomus* woords peruſe:
Let *Pomus* ſaie ſweet *Dilphis* can'ſt thou *loue* quoth hee?
Then (Eccho-like) ſhee takes the laſt word [loue] quoth ſhee,
Thy tempting-cherry-lipps ſweet *Delphis* I will kiſſe
Quoth *Delphis* [kiſſe]: ſoe ſild' the laſt word would ſhee mis,
My leggs between thy ſnowy thighs will I entwind;
Quoth ſhee [entwind] thus loue with' laſt words dus ſhee binde.

The Maſtiffe

I'le doe as litle *Cupid* bidds his Champions doe,
Quoth Delphis [*doe,*] *ſtill vnto* Pomus *anſwering ſoe*
Vntill by Pomus *ſhee had paied hir maydens debt,*
His laſt word & hir firſt ſtill often-times thus mett.

Satire 26.

FEene Miſtris *Pucis* with hir ſharpe-redd-coul'red noſe
One hair-bredth of hir heigth the fixon will not looſe,
Shee trotts ſo ſhort, ſhee'le teach a horſe his perfect'ſt pace,
I, and a wrie-mouth'd Ape to make an Antike face,
Hir flippaunt tongue would make a moſt ſence-pleaſing ſound,
Did not hir wyndy-bippertaile the muſick dround.

Satire 27.

WHat's a gull, that *Iack* of gull'tye is accuſ'd?
My hart's enflam'd to heare how *Iack's* abuſ'd,
Is hee a gull that ne're wil bee at ſtand
To paye theſe Tailors all their whole demaund?
Is hee a gull which bouzeth night by night
With's betters? ſcorning they ſhould paye a mite
Or is hee one that letts a Shorditch wench
The goul den entrailes of his purſe to drench?
Theſe bee noe gulls I'me ſure: but if they bee?
Then Iack's *a gull: For ſuch a one is hee.*

Satire

Whelpe.

Satire 28.

PAule liues by's witts, hee'le ſweare there's noe ſuch meat,
Yet ſometimes bread (with hart) poore *Pawle* would eate.
Pawles witty dyet has made his bodie fine,
And that's the cauſe in Powles, *Pawle* oft doth dyne.
Where Pawle *in lieue of's dinners great expence,*
Oft diues a boſe & pickes out Peters-pence.

Satire.29.

HAng *Tom*: what hee? hee's but a foole to mee
For tricks, you all may learne come, I'le teach thee.
Tom dares not looke an Emp'rour in the face:
Hang puling Apes; he wants a manly grace.
Why *Tom* will bluſh, if once hee tell a lie:
Hee has no ſkill ith' world, to cogg a die.
Tom's witt's moſt blockiſh; faugh, 'tis too too coutſe,
I'le wadg my life the gull ne're yet ſtole horſe,
Noe nor ſoe much (I thinke) as e're tooke purſe,
He thy Tutor? thou canſt not chuſe a worſe.
Hee'le teach the this to groape a wenches plackett,
Hang him Cowe, hee dares not diue a pockett,
Or milke-ſop-like to lead a wench the haie,
Baſe-harted-babe he dares not make afraie.
Forſake him Nedd: *thou ſhalt my ſcholler bee,*
I'le learne thee Arte my Rogue; be rul'd by mee.

The Maſtiffe

Satire 30.

Lowmus of late a Compleate knight was made,
Dares anie ſaie, his Sire got's wealth bith' ſpade:
Hee'le kill em then; for knowe you hee's a knight,
And all made ſoe; are deſp'rate men to fight.
What e're his Father was, i'me ſure of it,
He left his ſonn (by farre) more wealth then witt.
And wealth (I hope) a gentle-man dus make.
And hee that's ſoe; a knighthoods rite may take,

Satire 31.

Larſus toth' Sunn his Miſtreſſe doth compare,
In deede in bewty ſhee is ſomewhat rare,
And ſaies from hir hee has his light & life,
He may be proud that has ſoe light a wife.
Yet *Larſus* pre thee be not wrath with mee,
For rather like the Moone (me thinkes) is ſhee.
She' xchangeth oft (I ſpeake it in noe ſcorne)
As thou haſt light from hir, ſoe th'aſt the horne.

Satire 32.

Stoltus

Whelpe.

STeltus ? *Fallatus* makes good vſe of thee :
Thou art his looking-glaſſe : be rul'd by me,
Thy looking-glaſſe (*Stelltus*) make thou of him,
Then both of you will dreſt be neate and trimm.
Looking on thee : (and further 'twill his marriadge)
He prunes out pride, & foole-bredd ſtately carriadge.
And ſhaues from's lipps (a thing betokening witt)
The ſtairing haires of a bould parraſitt,
Now looke in him, & thou ſhalt ſee it plaine,
That dronkenneſſe is one ath' fouleſt ſtaine.
And ſee in him how haggedly & leane,
A man is made which vſeth much a queane.
Looke in him man ; for this beleeu't that he
Has bettr'd bene by looking into thee.

Satire 33.

WAtt me thinkes of all men thou ſhould'ſt, ſtench deſire, (fire
Since fooles (as wiſe-men ſaies) can quickſieſt quench loues
Why could'ſt not begg or ſteale from *Green* on dramm of witt?
And ſoe by blurd-endaſhed lynes haue ſent hir it.
Thou might'ſt ere this have revel'd in luxurious game,
If ſoe tha'dſt done & quencht thereby loues burning ſt flame.
But harke thee Watt ? *He ſpeakes toth' winde, that learnes a fooles*
I'le bee noe Tutor, where ſuch dunces comes toth' ſchoole.

Satire 34.

The Maſtiffe

YEt *Watt* I ought not leaue thee thus ſince I doe know
From whence the ſtreaming flouds of theſe thy paſſions flowe,
Me thinkes I ought t'applie ſome pill to thy diſeaſe,
Therefore here be ſimples, compound them if you pleaſe;
Firſt gett a pound of *Witt*, of *Couradge*, twice as much,
Theſe are excelent ſimples, I knowe not any ſuch,
Then take of *Place* and *Time*, of each two handfull more,
Seeke out for *Oportunitie*, in gardens there be ſtore,
Of that one handfull take; which done, theſe ſimples pound,
And thou ſhalt ſee, thy burning heate they will confound.
But harke thee Watt, *If theſe receipts doe add noe hope,*
Then (*doe as olde* Diogines *bidds*) *that's take a roape.*

Satire 34.

LAcritus, thy hart's ſtraite fraught with Iealouſie,
If on thy wife, a man but glaunce his eie.
Thou *Fermidus*, if one but kiſſe thy dame,
Ath' back of hir, thy wand is ſtraight forth ſame.
Fie, fie, howe bitter would be eithers life,
If you ſhould take, as *Watus* tooke his wife,
You'd hardly laugh and ſmile vppon the man,
And aſke; has not he over-heat thee *Nan*?
Conſider: Wiues can doe noe better deede,
Then helpe their huſbandes frendes at pinch of neede.

Satire 35.

Lam.

Whelpe.

Laminus, often times t'haſt aſked mee,
Why *Lambas* hanged was? praie anſwer'd bee,
His neck was ſhort; and had thy head a reatch,
Thou'dſt ſoone conceiue he hang'd but's necke to ſtreach.
Why foole was thyne (as hiſſen was) too ſhorte?
Noe trick to lengthen it, but hanging for't.

Satire 36.

QVeſtion *Don Lingus* but of forraine ſtates,
And you ſhall ſee how formally hee prates:
Straite heel'e vp, & tell, how he hath ſeene,
That ſtout & famouſe *Amazonian* Queene.
Vowing it is the onely worthi'ſt ſight,
To ſee the order of th' *Amazons* fight,
Then forewardes ſtill hee'le talke of *Preſter John*,
Commending him for a moſt worthy man,
Proteſting that, ſoe-ſoone hee came on Land,
Hee had that gallant warriour by the hand.
Puſh, puſh (quoth hee,) this barren *Europa*
Is nothing like to *Æthiopia*,
And then he ſhakes his head, (ſighing moſt deepe)
Oh! (quoth hee) why did not I my ſelfe there keepe?
Which done; his Audience ſtraight 'ginnes to applaud him.
And though an *Aſſe*, yet like a God they laude him.
Yet queſtion him but out ath' Engliſh ſtile,
You'le finde the Gooſe *ne're croſt his Natiue Ile,*

The Maſtiffe

Satire 37.

PRince *Pluto* king ath' ſtincking ſtigian Lake,
Finding himſelf not well, his will would make,
In which, this wealthy & all-worthy man,
In that his *Will*, to this effect begann.
Quoth he; Imprimis here I doe decree,
That *Pride* my firſt-borne ſonne a Courtier bee.
Enjoyning *Enuie* and *Ambition* ſtill
(As yonger brothers ſhould t'attende his will.
But as for *Sloath* and *Avarice* (quoth hee)
Thoſe will I haue in learning brought-vp bee.
Where *Gluttonie* my yongeſt ſonn of all,
Shall waite one them, attentive at their call.
But now my daughter *Luſte*, then ſhakes his head,
Oh! hir I'de faine ſee place't ere I were dead.
Hir, hir (quoth hee), if I could but beſtowe,
Then I'de not care how ſoone I went below.
Courtiers are bad: *Townſ-men* are often naught,
And *Contrey-men* (quoth he) are moſt vntaught.
Therefore on theſe ſhee's plainly caſt awaye:
Oh! my deare *Luſte* (quoth he,) what ſhall I ſaie?
Why faith (quoth he;)' fore ſhalt be quite vndone,
I'le ſee thee made my ſelfe an honeſt *Nunn*
Soe putting hir 'mongſt holly Nunnes *to dwell,*
His body dies, and's ſoule departs to hell.

Satyre

Whelpe.

*Satire.*38.

I Tell thee *Tom*, thou art too plaine a Ladd
I; too too groſſe; a hom-bredd Contrey Swadd.
I tell thee man, thy witt, that witt of thyne
Is muddie, thick, 'tis nothing nimbly-fine.
With whomſoeuer thou doſt chaunce to walke,
All's one to thee; of corne or land's thy talke,
Or of the Cows; elſe of thy flock of ſheepe,
With ſuch like ſtuffe, a tedious coyle thou't keepe.
Awaie plaine foole: think'ſt Souldiers doe delight
In ſuch diſcourſe? thou art deceiued quite,
Or think'ſt it pleaſing to a ſchollers taſte?
If thou think'ſt ſoe? a wrong conceipt thou haſt,
And if thou thinkſt a Courtier it will pleaſe,
Perſwade thy ſelfe, to him 'tis much diſeaſe.
Duſt' heare me *Tom*? I tell thee th'art too Plaine:
Why man? a nimble Witt fitts euerie vaine:
Tooth'Souldier I'de be vp with barracados,
Raiſing counter-mures, breaking Pallazados.
Tooth' Scholler I'de vſe naught but Rethorick,
Ide vp with Sophiſtrie, or elſe with Logick.
As for the Courtier; puſh, I'de mak's mouth watter
I would on's Miſtreſſe talke; with him I'de flatter.
Of Courtſhipp wholly all my talke ſhould ſavour,
As tell him how he might attaine t'ir favour.
Thus Thomas *all their humors I would fitt,*
But what talke I to one which wanteth Witt.

The Maſtiffe

Satire 39.

Relcus, thy hart's an Inn, wherein men ſay
Lies witt; (that moſt right-worthy gueſt alwaie)
But honeſtie were vſ'd to lodge with *Witt*;
Canſt' tell me *Relcus* why he doth not it?
One Inn, one boord, one bedd, did once containe
Thoſe famouſe, Radiant & bright-ſhining twaine,
But now; Oh now! much I muſe & wonder,
What cauſe they haue to put them ſelues aſſunder.
It's rare to ſee them two, together walke,
But farre more rare it is, to ſee them talke.
Faith *Relcus* do a charitable deede,
Releiue poore *Honeſtie* in time on's neede,
And *Witt* and hee together revnite,
Bith' deede much maieſt thou merrit by this light.
Relodg them Relcus, *bigg enough's thy harte,*
And in't thou't ſhewe a wiſe and charitable parte.

Satire 40.

Bulus to haue his Taff'tie Ierkin ſeene,
Hath learnt a trick ath' Butchers Arte, I weene,
For as the Butcher having open cutt,
His bullocks paunch; dus ſide from ſide ſtraight putt,

his

Whelpe.

His reaſon why each ſide hee ſetts a parte,
Is, cauſe men ſhould ſee th' fatt about the harte.
Ev'n juſt as theſe beaſt-ſlaying butchers doth,
So right this gallant (ali-*Aſſe* butcher) doth.
For on each ſide on's cloake, each hand he laies,
By which fine ſleight he beares it back alwaies.
So by that meanes (maugre his mantles ſpight)
His ſattin ſleeues and Ierkin ſhall haue light.
Ith' butchers Arte, he has learn't more then halfe.
And can (you ſee) dreſſe & ſett forth a Calfe.

Satire 41.

A Right good-fellow by his purſe is knowen,
For ſildom it will hould a doit on's owne.
This *Pratus* I doe know: and more; I trowe,
I haue one rule an honeſt man to knowe,
For when I heare men let their judgements looſe,
Of any whom they tearme for ſome plaine gooſe.
True honeſtie (I thinke) in him there lies,
For plaines Iudg'd is fool'rie bith' vnwiſe.
But *Pratus*, now one rule more would I know,
And that ſame trick I'me wiſht to get from you.
That's onely this; Sir, how to know a knaue,
That kindeues at your handes; praie let me haue.

Satire 42.

The Maſtiffe

WHen *Souldus* thinkes ath' Time, how him it failes,
He then (alas poore man) at *Mars* ſtraight trailes,
Milke-ſopp (quoth he) from *Venus* come advaunce
And in hir ſteede, come leade vs men a daunce:
Art 'not aſham'd to be ſoe weake ith' joynt?
As to be held by hir byth' Cod-peice-poynt.
Come, come; let Canboos to our Meales ſaie grace,
Lett bulletts ſing to vs the Cinquepace.
Wee long to daunce; and once the Time were when,
Thou lou'dſt the bullet-banquet with vs men.
In ſuch like juncquets once thou did'ſt delight,
Thoſe were the Cates beſt pleaſ'd thy appetite.
Come, come, foreſake thy Wanton Minyon trimm.
But Vulcan bring, ſince thou haſt head-peec't him.

Satire 43.

RAlf ſaies that *Robin* has no manlike face,
Nor cannot ſwaſhe it with the ſwaggingſt grace:
Hee is an Aſſe, a verye Aſſ: hee ſaith,
A pidler in his oathes; he'le ſweare y-faith,
Or elles In-troth, In-deed, Inſooth, or ſoe,
A right pure dunce, that cann ſaie I, or noe,
I'le teach him that in one halfe daie he ſhall
Sweare ev'rie oath with grace Emperiall.
What I (quoth hee?) let anie doe me wrong,
Thus I'le ſhew rigor with my ſpright-full tongue

He

Whelpe.

I'le vowe by *Styxes* pitch-black hidious ſtreames,
By all the radiant raies of yon' ſame beames,
By *Ioue* who makes Earthes Canapie to quake,
Or by the ruler of the ſtidgian lake,
That I will kill him; ſlaſhe him; hewe the knaue.
Or Peece-meale cutt him, to devoure the ſlaue.
I will not ſaye. Indeed-la *ſir I'le doo't*
What? ? by Ioue *? will putt home vntoo't.*

Satire 44.

ALL ſaies that *Dulcus* all in's booke delights,
But all thoſe alles are all deceiued quite.
For's Eare (but that indeed's but parte of him)
To heare (oh! how it goes toth' harte of him)
His ſmooth tongue prate: reioyceth in ſuch meaſure,
As noe mans Eare (by's tongue) e're reap't like pleaſiure.
Oh God! if you did heare the great delight
His Eare dus heare, you would be raviſht quite.
For's Tongue too's Eare conveies ſuch Wordes refin'd,
As 'tis not ſtraunge hee's raviſht in his minde.

Satire 45.

Gorgus a good minde beares, in this 'tis ſeene,
For looke what things are naught, & baddeſt beene.

The Maſtiffe.

Gorgus, to make them good doth ſtriue amaine,
And in this worke doth take noe litle paine,
The wicked'ſt lie by baddeſt tongue er'e fordg'd,
(I; were it by Hells-Maiſter's ſelf diſgordg'd)
Gorgus; (though ne'r ſoe badd) will make it good,
I, and maintaine it; to a dropp of bloud.
A good mind Gorgus, *to make things good of Euell,*
Why 'tis a worke contrarie to the Divell.

Satire 46.

Bentus, did you lie ſucking at the Ale,
You'd not looke white, leane, waper-eide, & pale.
You haue been ſicke: your vrine (if you pleaſe)
I'le truly caſt, & tell you your diſeaſe.
You were not ſmaid' at *Fontus* late downefall.
Noe; to your harte that was right cordiall.
It Pleaſed you that *Courtus* in's ſute was croſt,
And that *Marchantus* his ritch ſhipp late loſte.
Thoſe put you on ſoe blith a merrie pinn.
That you from hartie laughing could not linn.
It was not theſe, made you loke hagged white;
No blear-ey'd *Bentus*; here's the wicked ſpight.
Lately was *Virtus* for his virtues grac'd,
And on bright honours ſeat for's Vertues plac'd.
Twas this, thy freindes advaunc'ment bredd thy ſmart,
This was the ſhaft, that prickt thy cank'red hart.

Bentus

Whelpe.

Bentus, th'art ſicke: thy palenes ſhewes thy Evill,
The ſor's much doubtfull, which is hurt byth' Devill.

Satire 47.

THy hart's enflamed *Ardus* with this fire,
Of clambring man: faine would'dſt thou clamber higher
Yet *Ardus*, *Ardus*, obſerue but well the Tyme,
And thou ſhalt finde, thou tak'ſt wrong waies to clime.
Tis not the deedes of Armes, thou do'ſt repeate,
Can make thee mount one Inch to honours ſeate.
Nor will the conquering Townes helpe thee one whitt,
Recount thou theſe, theſe throws thee down from it.
Can'ſt flatter man? well learne thou but that lepp,
Then thou ſhalt quickly gaine the foremoſt ſtepp.
Then for the ſecond round, learne *Pandriſme*,
And thou ſhalt gett it ſtraight I warrant thee.
Now for the round, that toucherh honours neaſt,
This round lies high; more daung'rous then the reſt:
Ardus, thou muſt a *Pollitician* bee,
Skillfull to plott, & pack deepe trecherie.
Learne theſe, *(onely take heede of* Envies Eye,
Then ſhalt thou eaſly mount, & clamber high.

Satire 48.

The Maſtiffe

VVErt not for ſubjects, Kings vnkingly were,
For they be they, which propps the kingly chaire.
And were it ſoe, that ſubjects were awaie,
The Poetts poetrie would ſtraight decaie,
As th'one by ſubje&s has his Temples crown'd,
Soe tother by good ſubjects is renown'd.
Since both their ſtates by ſubjects be vp-held,
That both are Kinges it cannot be repell'd.
They both bee Kinges: But th' Poetts Realme I finde,
Reſtes in the Climar of a fittle minde.
A minde content, falls to their kingdomes ſhare.
Yet like my Argument moſt Poetts are
That's verie weake, and moſt exceeding bare.

Satire 49.

VVHen *Scoggin* liu'd, I thinke in thoſe ſame daies,
Men did not well knowe how, nor whom to praiſe
Becauſe (forſooth) a fatt ſowſe taile he greaſ'd
T'applaud his witt, thoſe wittles Graunſires pleaſ'd,
But harke eye; ſay they were but living nowe,
(wich did ſoe praiſe the greaſing of one ſowe)
How would they praiſe (naie they'd doe more then praiſe)
The fatt-greſ'd-tailes, ſoe daub'd in theſe our daies.
It is not onely Sowes that greaſed bee,
But Hogges (a thouſand in one daie) greaſe wee
And greaſe wee ſtill for greaſing of that parte
Adds fatt to fatt, and then it's fitt to ——

Satyre

Whelpe.

Satire 50.

WHy *Tom* quoth *Tharſus* th'art deceiued quite,
I ſtill continewe Courtier by this light
Thou look'dſt I ſhould haue cal'd: *Sir*, doe yee heare?
Wil't pleaſe you taſte (e're goe) a cupp of beare?
Awaie, awaie: why harke thee noble Theefe,
I'me none of thoſe which feedes on poudred beefe.
Nor none of thoſe that keepes a ſtanding houſe:
Awaie with *Gulls*: come; thee & I'le carrowſe:
Wee'le ſwallow healthes; not of your fulſome beare
T'ſhallbe noe Earthly ſtuff; but ſtuff to nectar neare:
Come *Tom* with Heauenly ſtuff thy mawe I'le feede
With that ſtuffes Quinteſſence which ſtill dus breede.
In man's lowe breſt: high thoughts which ſtill aſpire,
And vpwardes mount, as Heauens vp-mounting fire.
A Pox on't Tom, *I thus dull humours choake,*
And thus confound them with a Pipe of ſmoake.
Haue at thee Tom, Tobaccoe's *harte of Oake.*

Satire. 51.

ONe of the Nation of that ſprightfull *Frenche,*
Tooke armes to joyne in battell with a wench:
Well fell hee on; and ſoe well dealt each blowe

As at the firſte he gaue an overthrow,
But fewe there was, which did behoulde that ſight,
But Iudg'd the wench would haue the worſt ath' fight:
Yet ſhee in warrs Arte verie pollitick,
Compells *hir forces* ſtand: by which ſame trick,
(Charging againe with all; (who at it would not ſcoff?
Againe ſhee (*with a Pox*) makes him fall off.
His ſeccoud: (a Nation which ſhall nameles be)
Fell well on too; but cannot off *Scott-free*,
Yet as the French, at firſte encount'red well;
But to retrait (*Pox on't*) at laſte he fell.
Alas the firſte ſoe fleſht hir, as thus he,
Shee'd ne're endure, to come off quite Scott-free.

Satire. 51.

THe pampred Horſe at *Mares* ne're neigheth more,
Theu *Luſtus* at all times doth at a——
And as the luſtfull Stallion ſtriues to be
With ev'rie beaſt (of's kinde) his Eye doth ſee.
Soe likewiſe *Luſtus* doth: but Lord 'tis ſtraunge,
That man ſhould out of reaſons boundes ſoe raunge.
The Horſe is yong, and full of ſtrength his vaines,
A beaſte: hee has noe reaſon to guide's raines.
But hee's a man (hee ſhould be ſoe at leaſte)
(And rul'd with reaſon, deffrent from a beaſte)
An aged man, a man gray-hair'd & olde.

whoſe

Whelpe.

Whoſe withered-ſhrinking Vaines muſt needes be colde,
Whoſe partched bodie's from all moiſture drie;
Yet ſildom times he ſees a Wench paſſe by,
But hee with (badd intent) goe to hir muſt,
To quench (what ſhould hee quench?) a diuelſh Luſt.
Oh beaſtelie man: the beaſtli'ſt beaſt wee finde,
(If quencht in Corpes) ne're thirſteth in his minde.

Satire 53.

KAmatus being ſicke through too much drincke,
That hee ſhould die the holie man did thinke.
And being more then halfe reſolu'd to die,
This Epitaph he fram'd as hee did lie:

KAmatus, once a Pearle in each girles Eie,
Now mortiefi'd, here dus that worthie Lie.
Of louing Parents firſt I tooke my name
But now to Children I will leaue the ſame
Of ſlymie Earth this fleſh firſt tooke his frame,
It now retornes to Earth, from whence it came
As for my ſoule (Oh) ſhe in great delight,
In poſt to Heauen (with Ioye) ſhee makes hir flight.

This framed once, then downe againe hee lies,
And turnes about, makeing as though he dies,
With's Eyes cloſe ſhutt, a while he faſte dus winke
When op'ning them cries whores; fill me more drinke.

The Maſtiffe

Satire 54.

YOu *Cryttickes*, which inuectiuely do write,
To you whoſe pennes ſoe bitterly doe bite,
To yon I ſpeake; of you I aſke but why
You howrely doe great Lordings ſoe belie?
You prate how Lordes vn-mann'd are in this age,
You ſaie't is well if they haue but a page.
Come prating *Parretts* let your tatlings ceaſe,
And let but this ſuffice to make you peace.
Doe not they Woemen keepe? which eu'rie yeare
More coſtly are, then e're old blew-coates were:
For euery man their Graundſires kept before.
Theſe keepe three woemen for't, or rather more.
Contrariewiſe; 'twas neuer ſeene ith' Land,
(As now they are) the woemen halfe ſoe man'd.
Recount but theſe, you lauiſh writers large,
And you ſhall finde they are at treble charge.

Satire 55.

THere is noe Land vppon Earthes Center knowen,
Like th'*Engliſh* ſoyle, ſoe wond'rous wealthy growne.

That

Whelpe.

That Ieuwell, which all Nations holdes ſoe deare,
Wee treade in durt; not caring for it here.
Why what's Plaine dealing? ſome this Iemm dus hold,
A Ieuwell farr in priſe ſurpaſing gold.
But wee (it ſeemes) o'rcloyd with it of late,
Hold, and eſteeme it at a ſtraunge lowe rate.
Soe lowe a rate: that 'tis fetcht from's ſoe faſt,
As, much I feare, all wilbe fetcht at at laſte.

Satire 56.

VErboſitus at wordes from Latine caru'd
Dus ſnatch, as if his wittes were hunger-ſtaru'd:
And well hee dus; for faith ſoe leane 'tis growne,
That from Annotomie 'tis hardly knowne.
It is ſoe weake, as (truelie) I proteſt,
Fine phraſe retoricall 't will not diſgeſt.
Harke Would-by-wiſe? *by good wordes ill appli'd,*
The Aſſe *to be a foole by's owne tongue's tri'd,*
Then if th'art wiſe, thy tongue hath thee beli'd.

Satire 57.

The Maſtiffe

AWaie with him quoth gold-daub'd *Thamaccus*,
His ſpeechles ſilence ſhewes he is an *Aſſe*,
A Dunce you ſee, that knowes not how to looke,
Some braine-beater or porrer on a booke.
Tell him ath' mounting Faulcons braue made flight,
Or what mouth'd hound makes huntſmen beſt delight.
Diſcourſe to him of which Dogg made a faulte,
How *Thunder* ſpent, or what made *Tyndall* hault,
Awaie, awaie: awaie with ſenceles blockes,
Farr better 'tis to tell it vnto ſtockes.
Thus ſh'wes Sir Gold-cold-witted Aſſe *his ſkill*,
And flouts the Poore-ritch-minded *ſcholler ſtill*,

Satire 58.

BEfore I marrie'd was to my fayre wife,
Oh Lord! how ſolitarie was my life:
But nowe to be partaker of my ſporte,
Gallants to my houſe (as to a Courte) reſorte:
One cauſe he would acquinte himſelfe with mee.
Takes his occaſion my fine *Nagg* to ſee,
Another comes to heare my *Kennells* crie,
The thirde perhapps to ſee my *Fawlcon* flye.
Oh! who would not gett a preettie wenche too's wife,
That hates to leade a ſollitarie life.

Satire 59.

PUſa is gott with childe, *Sam.* doe not flatter;
But ſpeake; had'ſt not a finger in the matter:
It was Ill hand'led *Samwell*; for in truth,
The wench ſaies none but *Samwell* is the youth,
Pox on't *Sam.*; Cradles forth' childe to ſleepe,
With Candles, Soape, & Waſhing, will grow deepe.
Beſides all this (but this is to thy grace)
In white-ſheet thou muſt waite a Sermons ſpace.
Faith Sam, *what luck had'ſt thou ſoe well to ſpeede?*
As to be graced for thy Maiſters deede.

Satire 60.

WHen *Dick* for want of druncken mates growes ſicke,
Then with himſelf to worke goes faithfull *Dick*.
The butt'rie dore t'ymſelfe he ſhutteth cloſe,
That done, then goes the pott ſtraight waies to's noſe:
A health (quoth noble *Dick*:) each Hogſhead than,
Muſt ſeeming pledge this honeſt faithfull man.
But ſtraight from kindnes *Dick* to humors growes,

And then too th' barrels he his valour ſhowes,
Throwing about the cupps, the potts, & glaſſes,
And railes ath' Tunns; calling them druncken Aſſes.
From this to kindnes hee dus come; and then,
A freſhe a drinking *Richard* fales agen,
Ne're ceaſing this ſame faithfull coyle to keepe,
Till vnder th' Hogſhead he falls faſt aſleepe.

Satire 61.

AS *Boaſtus* all alone in's Hall did walke,
Thus to himſelfe, did *Boaſtus* brauely talke,
Oh! that old *Troye* (quoth he) had bene vnſack't,
I would (I trowe) haue made the *Gretians* pack't.
And this right arme the *Troians* would haue founde,
Should ſoone haue beat the *Gretians* from theire ground.
And then his ſworde about his heade he flaſheth,
Ah hah quoth he; & then the poſtes he ſlaſheth.
Then ſtraight he wiſheth for great *Charlemayne*,
Or for that neuer conqer'd *Tamberlayne*.
Oh! Earth diſgorge thy ſelfe of *Allexander*,
I long to fight (quoth he) with that Commaunder.
Good Grandam let them but appeare in ſight,
That they may once but taſte of this armes might.
And then againe too's flaſhing worke he goes,
Wiſhing that all thoſe poſtes were deadly foes.

would

Whelpe.

Would here were *Roman Ceaſar* Romes great King,
Ifaith (quoth he) I'de make his Cox-combe ſing,
And then he foines & ſtrikes, (without all ſtaie)
Stooles, Chaires, Formes, bordes, or what elſe is in's waie.
Still executing's wrath vppon thoſe men,
Till's angrie wife came in, and reſcu'd them
For in ſhee came, and in her hand a Ladle,
With which ſhee ſwing'd him well about the nodle.
And why? alas he rockt not well the cradle.

Satire 62.

MFtamorphiz'd *Mick*: where's thy Target man?
What chaung'd into a liſping Ladies fann?
Is dubb a dubb *Bellonas* warlike noates,
Chaung'd to fa la la, ſtreind through ſhrill *Evnukes* throates?
Art turn'd from grimm-faced *Mars* his valiaunce,
To ſmiling *Venus* hir tempting daliaunce?
Me thinkes thoſe leggs oft harneſt with bright ſteele,
To twind with Nimphes weake limmes no ſweet ſhould feele,
Haſt learn'd to ſkipp, ſmyle, kiſſe, & looke demure?
Ith' ſteede of charge or raiſe a counter mure.
Foe ſhame reehaunge, thou maiden-chaunged Mick
Come vſe thy pyke; tha'ſt vſ'd too long thy———

Satire 63.

VVHy how now drowſie *Dick*? what halfe a ſleepe?
Come madd-capp; followe me & I will ſteepe
Thy muddye braines in ſparkling Charnico,
Come riſe damb'd Rogue; flydd ſkabb it ſhall be ſoe,
Why how now *Aſſe*? what ayel'ſt t'ou foole to whyne?
What crying? s'harte this is ex'lent fine,
Thou pul'ſt,& ſnul'ſt: a great peece matter why?
Forſooth by cauſe thou told'ſt thy Dadd a lie.
Why horſon foole, was't not done in thy drinke?
Slidd; thou't prooue an Idyeot (ſure) I thinke.
Did'ſt euer ſee mee in this pulling paſſe?
Yet I haue call'd (e're now) my Father *Aſſe*.
My wife yong *Witch*, my Mother worne-out *Punck*.
Well: what a this? they'd ſaie but I was drunck.
Come faithfull Dick, *let's drincke, thou muſt not crye,*
Thou't ne're make Theeſe, that pul'ſt ſoe at a lie.

Satire 64.

I Tell thee *Jack*, amidſt thy cupps of wyne,
Thou art not braue; thy tongue's not nimble fine.

Sullen

Whelpe.

Sullen thou ſitt'ſt, as ſeeming diſcontent.
At thy aſſotiats Iouall merriment.
Bee Iouall *Ladd*; ſtirr-vp thy tongue to walke,
A man in's cupps is priueleg'd to talke.
Why leaden-harted-man, why hadſt thou birth
But to conſume thy time in ſprightfull mirth?
Soe thy tongue flippant be, care not man
Let it prate; noe matter what 'tis an.
Let thy compariſſons mount vp tooth' ſkye:
Saie, what are Kinges but men? and ſoe am I
Th'art not true bredd, thou dreameſt of thy 'ende,
Come, Rouſe-vp Ladd, *what* old-Dadds *get wee'l ſpend.*

Satire 65.

I Graunt thee *Allexander* thon waſt great,
And that this crauin world thou once did'ſt beat:
Naie more, I doe beleeue & thinke 'tis true
That part ath' warlike Gods thou did'ſt ſubdue.
Yet what a this? I meane not blaze thy name
But with a brighter light to daſke the ſame.
The cauſe why thou great *Iones* high Throne haſt kiſt,
I pry thee tell whereon it doth conſiſte?
Thou't ſaie on Conqueſtes, which with bloud thou got'ſt,
And that by theſe all others *Fame* thou blott'ſt,

The Maſtiffe

Come come, thy greateſt great is meerely ſmall,
To blowne fac't *Blundulus* of ſtature tall.
Haſt thou a legg more bigg then anie Oake?
Or thigh whoſe bone will bide a Canon ſtroake?
Haſt thou a paunch wherein may Armſes hidd,
As in the Gretian Horſe long ſince there did?
Come, to be ſhort, vnleſſe thou haſt all this,
Blundulus *is great, and thou but ſmall? wis.*

Satire 66.

THings which of Death doe put great men in minde,
Are alwaies not the welcom'ſt things wee finde:
Since ſoe; why doe wee muſe they ſoe reject,
All Serving men? and of them not reſpect.
Oh blame them not; for (faith la) doe ye heare?
To ſee Death; what is hee that would not feare?
And what is hee that Serving-men ſhould ſee,
To gape, as waite? but Iudge would that was hee,
For Iuſte as Death waites onely to deuoure,
E'ne ſoe doe they, and haue the ſelfe ſame power.
To keepe em, then, I praye great men excuſe.
For ſo to thinke one Death they could not chuſe.

Satire

Whelpe.

Satire 67.

GIue waie *Orlando* Furious man I ſaie,
(For furiouſnes) to *Spendus* giue thou waie.
Tis true (*Inraged-man*) that at one ſtroake,
(E're now) thou haſt made fall the ſturdi'ſt Oake.
But what is one Oakes fall? *Spendus* at one blowe,
Whole woodds ath' biggeſt Oakes dus ouerthrowe.
Orlando: th'art compoſ'd of Earth and Aeire,
And of the Criſtall running-water faire.
But Spendus (*worthy* Spendus) *I preſume,*
Is all of fire, for hee dus all conſume.

Satire 68.

IWill raile at thee *Nature*; for I finde
My bodie's ſmal, and anſwers not my minde.
How happs tha'ſt made me of a Dwarniſh ſtature?
Fie, fie, I tell thee tha'rt too blame Dame *Nature.*
Why *Woman-God*, too much th'aſt wronged mee,
For by my minde, a *Gyant* I ſhould bee.

The Maſtiffe

Tis great; I wondrous great, then how comes it
That too't my body thou ſoe i'll did'ſt fitt?
Goe *corrupt Dame*; I tell thee I doe finde
I ſhould haue bene a Souldier by my minde:
I'em proud, ſtout, & though I'em nothing couetous,
Yet (Souldier-like) I am ambitious.
What's in a Souldiers minde's in mine: then why
To my great minde ſoe ſmale a man am I?

Satïre 69.

GO *Ridus* teach *Tellatus* ſome true ſkill.
To make his *Beaſte* (while he gets vp) ſtand ſtill,
Hee dares not mount; *Ridus* how ſhall he doe?
And when hee'd mount, then ſtartes ſhe to and fro.
Faith helpe him *Ridus*; hee muſt haue hir man'd
Hee loues the *Beaſte* that's broken to his hand.
About it man, thou haſt the onely'ſt name,
To make (by riding) wilde things truely tame.

Satire 70.

Knowe

Whelpe.

KNowe you not him with Peacock-ſpreading-plumes ?
That great-bigg-mountaine-looker which ſoe fumes.
Hee whoſe Rock-rending-looke grimm *Mars* would make
(As frozen-ſynew'd) with could feare to quake,
And make the troubled Enſignes of pale feare,
At ſight of it, in his baſe cheekes appeare
Moſte ſtraunge! knowe you not him ? oh mudds foule ſlime!
Why hee's the thunder threatner of our tyme,
Whyt's razer-witted *Clitus*; that ſame Ladd.
Which Godds (ere now) to ſpeake-to has been gladd,
It's hee whoſe Hobby-mounting thoughts ſoe ſor'd.
That leſſe then *Ioue* none thought he'd be ador'd.
Knowe you not him ? Why faith 'tis wondrous ſtraunge,
Yet 'tis not, cauſe ath' Man-Gods *nowe great chaunge.*

Satire 71.

HOb-carting *Tom* and's Father's gone to plowe,
Leauing old *Madge* at home to feed the Sow,
Ka *Tom* too's Father; Vather earſte tou mee ?
I, my boy *Tom*; wat zeſt? zay on ka hee
Maz Vather-la wud God eech had a wife,
Ma thinkes eech wudd ha wone rare than my life
Oh boy ka hee tis naught, 'twill ſpoyle thy groath,

The Maſtiffe

Twull mare thee *Tom*; twull make thee vull a zloath,
Naie hold tere Vather; wudd tou wud'ſt not lie,
But whare twull or no la(*ka Tom* I'le trie,
Eech wott well Vather eech forgoe my zleepe,
While you lie ſnoring, eech oft crie & weepe.
While you lie grunting like a drouſie hogg,
Eech madditare, watt eech ſhould ſend my Iugg.
Zeſt Vather wat tou wult: doe all tho't doe,
Yet eech ſhall trie my beſte a wife to woe.
Wilt *Tom* ka hee? but I'de not ha thee yet
Vurſt ha thy Lond in harte, & then th'art fitt.
Lond in harte? that's vyne ka *Tom*; Lond in varte,
I'le ha a wiue elſe Dule himſelfe zclue goo't carte
Well *Tom* ka's Vather; make noe more a doe,
And eech my zelfe will helpe thee one to woe.
Gramercie Vather; zeſt wel like a mon,
Doe as thou zeſt; and eech wull loue thee thon.

Satire 72.

WHo would not follow Warrs that has his witt?
Which allwaies has ſuch muſicke followes it,
The priuat'ſt Souldiour lying in his neaſt,
By warbling lullabies is brought too's reſt.

not

Whelpe.

Not by your wanton-wench-like Evnukes voyce,
But by a heau'nlike thundring Cannons noyſe.
Vnto whoſe ſong the trumpett ſoe dus plaie,
As tweene them both they rauiſhſence a waie,
Soe ſweet's the muſike, which doe followe warrs,
That Cyties daunce, and capers to the ſtarrs.

Satire 73.

PRondus th'art not (ſoe far as I can ſee)
In outward ſhewe, what inward thou maiſt bee.
Although th'art all in raggs, yet I doe finde,
Vnder thoſe raggs a whole Emperiall minde.
Fewe big-faſt Lordes: puſh, of Lordes what doe I prate?
Fewe Kinges cann looke ſoe bigg as thou of late.
In faith (but I'me to bould) hadſt thou but pelfe.
Speake *great-ſmale-man*, what would'ſt thinke on thy ſelfe?
A man? a Earthly man? noe: thoughts would breede
Thou wert engendred of ſome heaunlie ſeed.
Ifaith, (but tell mee) ſometimes duſt not geſſe
That *Iupiter* vnto thy Mother had acceſſe?
I know great-thoughted-man by thy lookes ſtraine
That ſuch high thoughts, thy braue harte dus maintaine-
Well ſtill looke great, and one daie thou ſhalt ſee,
A greate purſe to thy lookes, will anſwer thee,

The Maſtiffe

Satire 74.

Dartus, if thou'dſt a Courtier learne to be,
Then take a glaſſe; that booke ſhall ſtraight teach thee.
Looke in thy glaſſe, and frowne, or ſkowle, or ſmile
And ſhalt ſee one doo ſoe an other while,
Laugh thou, there's one will laugh: ſhedd thou a teare
A teare ther's oue will ſhedd; I duſt thou heare?
Thy bodie bow, gape, winke, or nodd thy pate,
Doe what thou wilt, ther's one will imitate.
To great men (if thou wilt a Courtier bee)
Thou muſt doe, as thy ſhadowe dus to thee,

Satire 75.

WHyle my apparrell was not fine, but plaine,
At *Aſſus* but this ſtile, could I obtaine.
God morrowe Sir; How doe ye ſir to daye?
But when in my apparrell I grew gaie,
Why then *God morrowe to your Worſhipp ſir*,
Then's tongue without a worſhipp ne're would ſtir.
But looke when my apparrell was not gaie
I certaien was noe worſhipp t'haue that daye
Taylors: ſure honourable men you bee,
For you men worſhippfull can make 7 ſee.

Whelpe.

Satire 76.

CVntrey Tailors themſelues tooth' Court betake,
As th'old ſaying is, but for meere faſhon ſake,
They goe toth' Courte as manie Courtiers goe,
Vnto the Church; thar is to ſee, or ſoe
More matter on't what neede I make?
Since vp they goe, onely for faſhon ſake.
They make the Courte (for faſhon ſake) their Schoole,
Whereby to faſhon out each Contrey foole.

Satire 77.

WIlt bee a Serving-man? thou art not fitt,
Thy ſtubborne pate affordes noe reatching witt:
If thou would'ſt ſoe; thou muſt looſe learning than,
That ornament getts ſmale forth' Seruing-man.
But wilt a ſtates-man ſerue? where's thy braines ſtretch?
Fie, twill not plott, tis naught; twill not retch.
Wilt follow his yong ſonn? foole, awaie: Fie,
Examin how thou art in quallitie.
Canſte hawke, hunte; or haſte the hors-mans ſkill?

The Maſtiffe

Canſt drabb, dice, drincke, or's wenching luſte fulfill?
If not? awaie; awaie: will bee thy cheere,
With this adition, *What makes this Aſſe heere?*
Wilt wait on's daughter? ah hah, there's a Laſſe:
How's thy humor? If ſadd? then th'art an aſſe.
Canſt neither daunce, nor ſing? foole then awaie.
Why quallities is all in all, I ſaie,
If canſt not muſicke plaie, or dandle *Pearle*
Or goe (if ſent) in priuate to an Earle,
If canſt not theſe doe? (credit me or trie)
Thou't be reputed of noe quallitie.
Awaie thou't turned be, (wantſt but thoſe partes)
And held a foole, maugre thy libraall artes.

Satire 76.

DEſcend thou monſtrous damn'd-deluding *Gold*,
Into thy fathers black infernall hold.
Puellas cold-chaſt thoughtes had been vnthaud,
Hadſt thou not been, thou moſt entiſing baude
Old Fathers liues in ſonns eyes were noe moates,
Were not for thee, thou temp'ſt 'em cut their throates.
Thou true-bred *Feynd* right make-bate in theſe yeres,
Tis thou ſeeſt Kinges togeather by theire eares.
Vaſlat avaunt, keepe out my ſight th'adſt beſte.
Elſe I'le en-dungeon thee in ſtrong-bar'd Cheſte.

Whelpe.

Satire 80.

COme *Lord that would-be*, Ile condole with thee,
Cauſe what thou wouldſt be made, will neuer be.
What though thou neuer waſt 'fore ſeiged Towne
With thunder-threatning Gnnns to gunn it downe?
Or complete arm'd vppon a fiery ſteed?
Making on euerie ſide thy foes to bleede.
Why though thou ne're didſt ſoe, yet *Lord that would-bee*,
Honour in my minde appertaines to thee.
Deſerues he honour which entrencheth Townes?
And he noe honour which entrencheth grownds?
Me thinkes hee which in fielde *St. George* dus crie,
Deſerues noe more, then If's waie hee did flie.
Come Lord that would-be, *gett more Cowes & ſheepe,*
And honour will come on you, though you ſleepe.

Satire 81.

TAlke you with *Poet-Aſſe* ſitting in's ſeate,
You'le heare him ex'lent *Epigrames* repeate,
Demaund him whoſe they bee, they runn ſoe fine,

The Maſtiffe

He anſwers ſtraight, fruits of this braine of myne,
Yet let a well-read Poet heare the vaine,
Hee'lle finde they came out of a *Baſtardes* braine.
Duſt heare me *Poet-aſſe*? I'le prophyſee,
That when th'art mari'd, thou't a Cockould bee:
Thou fath'reſt now things got by other men,
What wilt thou doe when thou art mari'd then?
I pry thee good Iack-Dawe *giue each bird's owne,*
That for a plaine Iack Dawe *thou maiſt be knowne.*

Satire 82.

BEare hence my Septer and my maſſie Crowne,
I cannot beare them but they'le beare me downe,
Sadd cares and feares attendeth on them ſoe,
As I their burthens cannot vndergoe.
Bring me my Hooke, my Scripp, my Flock of ſheepe,
I long a-gaine that quiet Realme to keepe.

Satire 83.

THe *Printer* ſaies, good bookes doe baddly ſell,
Then myne (cauſe badd (I'em ſure) muſt needs take well.

but

but howſoeuer good or badd they bee,
To take-well(*Lawyers*) let em learne of yee.
Praie teach em it; that parte y'are perfectſt in,
Teach em take well: for Godſake learne em ſynn.

Satire 84.

IF Vennym'd-mouth'd-fell-bitten *Zoylus* ſtirr.
Then *Whelpe* be fierce vppon that ſnarling *Curr*.
Let him noe ſooner grinn, but on him flie,
And thou ſhalt ſee, his waie, awaie hee'le hie
With's taile 'tweene's leggs awaie hee'le ſcudd & gadd,
Onely hee'le barke & howle as he were madd.

Satire 85.

GOe churliſh whelpe, awaie goe thou and ſleepe,
And till I call, againe, thy kennell keepe.
Thou barke-ſt loud; too loude thou barkeſt Whelpe,
I muſt haue whippetts now, that doe but yelpe.
I hunt noe beaſtes; I'ue altred now my wont,
My pleaſiur's now the Vermin chace to hunt
Be gone yong Curr, *yet if fowle ſwyne doe rout,*
I'le whiſſle then, and then againe come out.

AN APPOLOGIE.

AN Idle humor has possest my penn,
To writ invective 'gainst ill humor'd men.
It is not over one, it's generall.
That I haue sprinck'led this my bitter gaule.
My gen'rall meaning's gen'rally to those.
Whose humors, these badd humors doe disclose.
Therefore (I me sure) the Wise, What ere they thinke.
If they theire faultes doe see, they'le see & winke.
By others how they're ta'en, or what they saye,
I'le take noe care, let them themselues bewraye.
If anye saues but Ill I SATYRYZE
Asking Why men I doe pextick'larize
I answere those, I onely faine a name;
All knowes this kinde of vayne requires the same.
I'ue done noe wrong, I'ue offred none abuse,
Let them that has soe, seeke & craue excuse.

FINIS.

DOGGES FROM *THE Antippedes.*

Satire 1.

MY angrie *Whelpe* I'ue turn'd to's kennell now,
Fearing faire Ladies, that he would feare you.
But in his place (I hope to your delight)
Here's *Dogges* shall be more pleasing in your sight.
Accept them Ladies, in them there's no harme,
Each take his Dogge, *& beare him in his armes.*

Satire 2.

Ladies, they saie things which be fetched farr,
To manie of you, still most pleasing are.
I knowing what your humours best require,
Haue trauail'd farr, to fitt your sweet desire.
Cause litle Doggs your fancie best doe please,
I journei'd for them to *Th'antyppedes.*
Accept them then, such Dogges they are I wis,
As sweetly will your sweete lippes lick & kisse.

Dogges from

Satire 3.

VVOemen I'ue done my worſt, toth' worſt of men.
But now I'le occupie on you my penn.
Praie giue me leaue to doo't: *Old Chaucers* Ieſt
With ſome of you (I knewe) agrees with' beſt
With whom, that earneſt ieſt dus beſt agree
Let them (for baudie phraſe) finde faults with mee.

Satire 4.

MAtchles Miſtreſſe, thou pure vnſpotted Dame,
Hadſt had one ſpott, I would haue ſhowne the ſame.
But ſince thou art, as neuer woman was,
I'le print thee there, where ne're was printed Laſſe.
Paper's too fowle to beare ſoe faire a parte,
Therefore I'le print thy praiſes in my harte.

Satire. 5.

TO lee *Morilla* in hir Coatch to ride,
With hir long locke of haire vppon one ſide,
With hatt & feather worne ith' ſwaggring'ſt guiſe,
With butt'ned bodies ſkirted dubl[illegible]-wiſe.

vnmol'kt

Vnmaſk't, and ſitt ith' boote without a fann,
Speake: could you Iudge hir leſſe then bee ſome man?
If leſſe? then this I'me ſure you'd Iudge at leaſte,
Shee was part man, parte woman; part a beaſte.

Satire 6.

ERe long I thinke that *Deela* meanes to trie,
If ſhee like birdes ith' aire can ſoare & flie.
Fewe Fowles like to this fowle, more feathers weares
For on hir head & handes, huge plumes ſhee beares,
And cauſe ſhee wil the eaſlier take hir flight,
Shee makes hir harte & heeles exceeding light,
Hir heeles, with lighteſt corke this light-one ſtuffes,
Hir harte, (through quills of pride) with winde ſhee puffes.
Oh ſure ſheeile flie, and thus ſhee'le make hir flight,
From Luſte *his lande, to* Letchr'ies *ſoyle out-right.*

Satire 7.

I Praie you ſpeake is not this tyme growne ſtraunge,
When feeble woemen vnto warriours chaunge?
Tis not the Courte dame *Luſta* doth commend,
Hir daies 'fore ſciged Cytties ſhee will ende.

Dogges from

Hir humor brookes noe Court-like dalliance,
But loues th'incounter of true valliance.
Milke-ſopps are men which lulls in Ladies lapps,
And dare not bide (like hir) loud Culu'ryn clapps.
Per-due ſhee'le lie, and ſomtyme Centry ſtand,
And *Ku'la* crie, with fire-lock in hir hand.
This is a wench will make all Courtiers ſham'd,
If once hir actes be to their eares but nam'd.
I, this is ſhee which has ſuch ſeruice ſhowne,
As now ſhee is an Auncient-bearer growne.

Satire 8.

WHen *Gillyan* and hir Goſſipps all are met,
And in the match of goſſipping downe ſett,
And plaine Mas Parſon cutting bread forth' Table,
To tell how faſte they talke, my tongue's not able.
One tells ſtraunge newes, tother God-ſwerbert cries,
The third ſhakes head, the fourth a lock replies
Shee on hir henns, this on hir duckes doe talke,
On thouſand things at once their tongues ſhall walke.
So long as Cockes cann tread, & Henns will laie,
Gill *and* Gills *goſſippes, will haue wordes to ſaie.*

Satire

The Antippedes.

Satire 9.

LIke to a Caſtell is faire Kitchin *Kate*,
And like the ſame, ſh'was ſackt & ſpoyl'd of late,
A Caſtle's ſtrongly trencht, & fenc't with ſtones,
Kates corpes as ſtrongly fenc't with good whale-bones.
A Caſtle hath percullize at each gate,
As good a fence as that has bonny *Kate*.
Shee hath a buſke, ther's noe device more ſtronge,
That once let downe, hir Portall takes noe wronge.
Yet vengaunce take hir watch, had they not ſlept,
Kates *ſtrongeſt hold vn-ranſakt had been kept.*

Satire 10.

F*Ie, a's* faire: none ſees fairer if he winkes,
Shee's ſweet; as anie muſkatt when ſhee ſtinckes
To ſee hir when ſhee readeth on hir boke,
(I meane hir glaſſe,) on which ſhee oft doth looke,

Dogges from

I would make you laugh, naie laugh vntill you weeepe,
At th'action shee vnto hir shade dus keepe,
Now shee'le smile, now shee'le gloyt: naie this shee'le doe,
See'le kisse the same, naie seeke t'imbrace it too.
Yet watt yee what still makes them two to parte?
should I but tell't, you'd laugh 'till breake your harte,
Tis this: when shee had smil'd & done hir beste,
Then dus shee frowne, make mouthes, and doe the reste,
Which when the shade ith' glasse dus doe the like,
Then shee in radge, dus it a peeces strike.
Faith speake, deserueth not that glasse a knock
That harbours apes, to giue such apes a mock?

Satire II.

WHy husband (quoth Misse Marchaunt) wher's my *Pynck*?
Oh God! his haire's not kymmed downe I thinke:
Come pretty *Pynck* come, thy nowne Mistrisse kisse,
Thy Meyster (*Pinck*) might thought on thee ere this,
Feth husband feth, I'me mitch growne in your debt
That my sweet Puppie you would soe forgett.
Y'are troubled sore: what he yee else te tend?
You leue to heare me chide, else this yee'd mend.

pre

Pre will yee fetch e kemm & kemm him ſtraight,
Elas ſweet Mopps, hee's naught to make thee waite.
What, he yee brought it? Feth ye'r ſuch a one,
That leſſe ye'r chidden nothing wilbe done,
Ebout him pre: Lard how leyſurely yee doo't,
It ſeemes yee he but litle minde vntoo't.
Yet pre now ſte: What eyles ſweet *Pynck* to groane?
Oh! *Pincke* would piſſe: Pre heue *Pinck* all elone.
What hes he don't? Pre make him cleane agen,
End *Pinck* and I, will vntoth' garden then.
So: Now hee's well, but heare yee? when I'm gone,
Pre bee yee a gadding ſtreight from home.

Satire 12.

VVHen *Minta* from hir Chamber downe deſcendeth,
All things belowe ſhee ſtraight-waies diſcommendeth,
Queanes (quoth ſhee:) how happs my Kitchen's thus diſgrac't?
I were not wont to haue a ſpoone diſplac't,
Then ſtraight tooth' Hall, where if a ruſhe ſhe ſpies,
Where haue theſe ſlutts been brought-vp Lard ſhee cries?
Then faugh ſhee cries: out ont: what's this dus ſmell?
Muſt I bee ſerued thus? why Maides 'tis well.

So leauing them, tripping vppon hir toes,
Into hir ſhopp, t'ir prentizes ſhee goes,
Where if ſhee ſees a boye but looke awrie,
Why ſauce-box, what ſtare you on ſhee'le crie?
And then ſhee plies hir worke which is a band,
Which to bee hemm'd, has hung tenn yeares in band.

Satire 13

AS *Iynn* and *Pegg* did in their Couches lie,
Thus did ſweete *Pegg* yong *Iynn* inſtructifie,
Why *Iynn* wutt ne're leaue poring on a booke?
Come take a glaſſe, that's fitter on to looke,
If thou didſt know how good bookes dulls the braine,
Thou'dſt ne're thus booke-it while thou liu'dſt againe.
Doe as thy ſiſter *Pegg* dus, chaine in armes
Hir ſweet-hart bounde with loue-linckt-charmes,
Reade in his face the pleaſing lines of loue,
And they thy ſoule, to ſweet delights will mooue.
Art riſing *Iynn*? I prethee ſweete-harte ſtaie,
Heare mee ſpeake one worde more, and then awaie.
Thou muſt not bluſh: Why this is maidens chatt,
Wee're priuat girle, wee'le talke wee care not what.

Ile

The Antippedes.

I'le ſaie noe harme, I'le tell thee onely this,
What pleaſeth woemen beſte, and what it is.
Oh tis man! who doth poſſeſſe a treaſure,
Whoſe taſte (for ſweetneſſe) hath noe meaſure
A treaſure wench: ſuch treaſures there are none,
A Iuell 'tis: oh had'ſt thou ſuch a one,
Thou would'ſt eſteeme it at ſoe high a rate,
As ne're noe Iuell was ſoe priſ'd of late.
Vnto it (girle) ſoure is the ſweeteſt honie,
It's wine toth' harte, but Nectar to the ——
Theſe were the reaſons Margett *did aleadge,*
Which firſte did ſett faire Iynns *white teeth an edge.*

Satire 14.

IN trothla maides what thoughtes poſſeſſeth yee,
Iuſte ſuch-like thoughtes ſometimes poſſeſſeth mee,
Myne ſometimes wanton are: Maides you all knowe
That wee that Maidens are, our thouhts are ſoe.
To ſee a gallaunt gape (Maides your mouthes wipe)
To entertaine a faire Tobacco-pipe.
Beleeue me Maides, my maiden-thoughts it moues
To thinke of what doth paſſe 'tween two that loues.
It at a worde (Oh that I might come at hir)
Dus make my Maiden-mouth o're-flowe with water.

Dogges from

Satire 15

SOme thinkes that Vardingales that's monstrous wide,
At firste invented were onely for pride,
But truely none that thinketh soe as this,
But gesse (beleeue me) too too much amisse,
For they (I certainely it's soe surmi'sd,)
For these three reasons were at firste deuis'd.
Firste, for hott girles that subiect are to sweate,
It letts vp aire whereby to coole theire heat.
Then for the girle whose bumm standeth not right,
(Tough hopper-tail'd) yet that will hide it quite.
But cheifly dus the wench, who through an Itch,
Has gott: alas I scratch a ———
Tis shee I saie that wears it not for Pride
For shee (god wott) cann neuer hate too wide;
She must haue trickes, (I deale too plaine to scoffe)
To beare vp cloathes, else they'd rubb plasters off.

Satire 16.

VVHen *Seelas* Taylor measure came to take,
Of hir smale bodie, bodies new to make they

The Antippedes.

They diſagreed (yet time did giue them leaſure)
How ſhee ſhould ſtand, when hee ſhould take hir meaſure.
Hee'd haue hir vp-right ſtand, or elſe hee ſhould
Ne're fitt hir bodie with a perfect moulde,
But ſhee not likeing it, made this replie,
I'le haue my bodie meaſur'd as I lie.
And full of bones I'de haue my bodies bee,
The bones ſticht in, and quilted well quoth ſhee.
Now if thou think'ſt my bodies thou canſt fitt,
I prethee honeſt *Tayle-hir* meaſure it.
The man miſtakeing ſtill hir meaning quite
Lyes on hir more, to haue hir ſtande vp-right.
But ſhee (hoping to beat it in his braine)
The ſecond time replies to him againe.
Tayler quoth ſhee, I'me ſure that I ſhall finde
Bodies made like thine fitting'ſt to my minde,
Noe other meaſure for my bodie take,
But by thy bodie, my newe bodies make.
Alas quoth hee thoſe bodies ne're will fitt.
Ah Aſſe quoth ſhee, that Noddies had but witt
Then might my bodie, bodies haue right good,
And eaſlye I m ght haue been vnderſtood.
'Waie hence (quoth ſhee) thou art ſome botching Noddy,
That canſt not meaſure right a womans bodie.

Satire 17.

Dogges from

IF Gosſippes once be gott to ſitt and prattle.
It's needles then to bidd their tongues to tattle.
Woe to their huſbandes, for alas poore men.
It's onely they ſhall ſmart and paie for't then.
One by hir troth-la ſweares how ſhee dus finde,
Hir huſband growne alreadye much vnkinde.
For let mee aſke him but a toy to giue,
Hee'le ſnapp me vp, with *Lett's learne firſte to liue*,
I badd him buie (quoth ſhee) ſhooes that would creake.
Yet did hee not: oh! this would make one ſpeake.
I charg'd him buie mee hoſe quoth ſhee of redd,
Hee bought em blewe: I, I, hee'd haue mee dead:
I Gosſipps I, ther's none ſoe matcht as I,
Then ſtraightwaies put ſhee finger into eye.
At which: Gosſipps: ſaies one, you griue to ſoone,
Another tells hir, yet tis honny-moone,
A thirde ſtepps vp: for ſooth quoth ſhee they ſaie
That wee muſt huſbands honour & obaie,
But had wee ſtrength, I halfe the ſtrength of men,
It ſhould be ſeene quoth ſhee: *Hauth-hathen*.
And there ſhee ſtopps, ſetting hir teeth ſoe cloſe,
As if ſhee fear'd hir madd-tongue would breake looſe.
The fourth more wiſe: ſaies weake-ones muſt toth' wall,
Wee're borne to beare quoth ſhee: letts put vp all.
And then the bowle, the gosſipps bowle ginnes walke,
But that once off: againe their tongues muſt talke.

Satre

The Antippedes.

Satire 18.

WHen as my creame is ſowre, I ſtraight-waies meet
With ſuger which dus make my ſowre creame ſweete,
And when my drinke is ſowre, or that waies blame,
I meet with twentie things to mende the ſame.
But faith doe what I canu, yet for my life,
I cannot mende the ſowrenes of my wife.
Yet honny'd termes vppon hir eu'rie howre
I duelie powre: yet ſtill my wife is ſowre.
May not I doubt hir ſowrenes ne're will fleete,
When ſuch ſweet thinges wantes powere to make hir ſweete.

Satire 19.

AT this time *Liba* tha'dſt noe neede to weepe,
Hadſt had the witt but of a ſillie ſheepe;
Couldſt not thou marke whereon that harmeles beaſt
dus howrely chuſe to make hir daiely feaſt?
Shee's ſildome ſeeue the tale long graſſe deuowre:
And why? becauſe tis ranck & allwaies ſowre.

But on the ſhort: with which when ſhee dus meete
On that ſhee feedes; and why? becauſe'tis ſweete.
Ah *Liba* hadſt ath' ſheepe but learned this,
Thy tall man had not had thee then I wis.
Faith wench, hadſt but a lowe man, halfe an houre,
Thou'dſt tell mee all that's tall, are rancke & ſoure.

Satire 20.

I Muſt diſtill my witts beſt quinteſſence,
To Carractriſe the wiſdome of wiſe *Prudence*,
Hir worthy actes are of ſuch noble fame,
As I'le haue *Hall* to Cronicle the ſame.
You long to heare hir deedes? I knowe you doe:
Will you be ſilent then? well then goe toe.
Shee 'fore hir Father, Mother, folkes and all,
Settes vp hir legg ath' mantle-tree ith' wall,
Quoth ſhee now Father I'le doe wonders great,
The old folkes hearing that (with feare) gann ſweat,
Shee ſeeing that, ſhee bidds them nothing doubt.
For I (quoth ſhee) will onely pufft this fire out.
And therewithall ſhee lett forth ſuch a ———
That halfe the ſpacious world (for feare) gan ſtart
Oh heres a Girle to liue ith' Common-weale,
Who eann defend it with hir very taile.

The Antippedes.

Satire 21.

NOthing's hard vnto a minde that's willing,
It's ſeene by *Winda* in hir nightly drilling,
Harke *Muſketeers* : if Muſketeers youle make,
And learne all poſternes right, hir courſe but take,
Shee eu'ry night as in hir bedd ſhee lies,
Dus all hir poſternes, 'fore ſhee e're let flies,
Shee cockes, ſhee tries hir match, ſhee gardes hir pann,
Which done, ſh'ungardes it, and preſentes it than,
And with as good a grace as you'd deſire
Shee blowes hir match, and brauely then giues fire.
Then dus ſhee caſte about, prune & blowe,
Rechardge & to hir former poſternes goe.
Souldiers; Drilling's not hard, If you'd doe ſoe.

Satire 22.

FOr certen, yet in woemen ther's ſome ſweet,
With which wee blinde-men yet could neuer meet,

By reaſon naturall it muſt be ſoe,
To proue the ſame let's to the Bee-hiue goe,
Why did dame Nature giue the Bee a ſting?
Some reaſons ſh'ad to giue hir ſuch a thing.
And place it in hir taile(men marke the caſe)
The prettie Bees ſweetſt beſt & ritcheſt place,
Hir reaſon why ſhee plac't it in hir taile,
Was this (if my opinion doe not faile)
Becauſe that place hir treaſrie is: in which
Lies all hir wealth: For Bees be ſweetly ritch.
Now as with ſtinges dame Nature made the Bee,
Soe woemen hath ſhee made with ſtinges wee ſee,
For all their heades(I hope I doe none wrong)
Containeth ſtings: If not a ſtinge, a tongue,
But let vs term't a ſtinge; for it will prick,
And hee that ſtriues with it, gainſt thornes dus kick:
They hauing ſtinges, noe queſtion if wee ſearch,
Shall honny finde where thoſe ſharpe ſtinges doe pearch.
Yet as you doe, doe not, for men you'le faile,
If Bee-like for the ſweete, you ſearch the ( )

Satire 23.

Milda

The Antippedes.

Milda? ſince you betooke your ſelf to wiue,
I hope y'aue tane the ſkillfulſt tricks to thriue.
The time was *Milda* when your ſlender back,
(To couer it) a gowne well-nie did lack.
But now, nor gowne, nor nothing elſe you want,
What can you aſke? but ſtraight it has a graunt.
Manie Maidens, manie things would choake,
Had they (as you haue) *Milda* ſuch a cloake.
For doe you heare? it may not be denaied
But cloakes fitts wiues, when they'le not doe a maide
Yet Milda *faith I ſpeake it to your grace,*
You ſhould haue choſe your cloake with better face.

Satire 24

A Ladie faire r farr then fortunate,
(In dauncing) thus o'reſhott hirſelfe of late,
The muſick not in tune, pleaſ'd not hir minde,
For which: ſhee with the fidlers fault did finde.
Fidlers quoth ſhee, your fidles tune for ſhame.
But as ſhee was a ſpeaking of the ſame,

Dogges from

(To mend the conſort) let ſhee did a ( )
Whereat the fidling knaues thus did hir greete
Maddam your pipe's in tune, it plaies moſt ſweete,
ſtrike vp quoth they, (but then the knaues doe ſmile)
And as you pipe, wee'le daunce an other while.
At which, awaie the blusſhing Ladie flinges,
But as ſhee goes, hir former noates ſhee ſinges.

Satire 25.

Welthus, none of your daughters that I ſawe,
But halfe did tempt mee be your ſonne in lawe:
And iuſte but halfe: For euer I did ſee,
In eech of them, ſomwhat to alter mee.
Kates Virtues my affection much did moue.
But ſtreight hir crookedneſſe did quench that loue.
Black *Sues* great portion made mee wiſh hir well,
But thinking on hir pride my loue ſtraight fell.
Beſſe for hir bewtie I could much affect,
But *Beſſe* wantes witt, that made mee *Beſſe* reiect,
With *Doll* for hir houſſeffrie I could hould,
But blame not ſmale men, much to feare a ſcould.
Ellen for hir ſilence I could loue: but
Although I hate a ſcould, I loath a ſlutt.

were

The Antippedes.

Were *Nan* noe wanton, ſhee'd my humor fitt,
But *Nan* has wantonnes vnto hir witt,
Yet Wealthus *giue me* Nan, *for doe you heare?*
With wantonnes (as moſt men dus) I'le beare.

Satire 26.

SWeet Miſtreſſe, I'le not putt thee (thou ſhalt finde)
In this my bookes diſgracefulſt place behinde,
In that place will I toothles *Leva* putt,
And flout at hir, cauſe ſhee's ſoe rancke a ſlutt.
And *Mirſa* there I'le putt, who eates at table,
As if to eate at all, ſhee were not able.
Hir, there I'le put, cauſe 'fore ſolkes ſhee'le not eate,
But in a corner eate vp worldes of meate.
Likewiſe I'le *Lica* put into that place,
For Cuckolding hir man before his face.
But Miſtreſſe, you behinde I'le neuer put,
Worldes of wealth, ſhall ne're perſwade mee too't.
Where louers put their loues, there doe you looke
To bee inrouled, and put in my booke:
Ith' midle, and before, (cann I doe leſſe?)
There will I put you, my ſweet Miſtereſſe.
Where I will write on you; thinges of delight,
Thinges fitt'ſt fitting true-loues appetite.

Dogges from

Satire 27.

AND praie now why is there noe likelyhood
That *Agus* ſhould doe his yong wife noe good?
Heare my example, and I'le proue it then,
That none pleaſe yong Girles like theſe aged men.
A yong-man hauing matter to endite,
With manie wordes ſuperfluous hee doth write,
Loading the paper with much Idle ſtuff,
O'rechardging it with much more then enough.
Whereas an aged man dus neuer write,
But vntoth' purpoſe hee dus ſtill endite.
What e're ould men doe doe: (I doe not flatter)
Toth' purpoſe tis: they roundly goe toth' matter.
And therefore *Tarlus*, why art ſuch a one,
To thinke that *Agus* ſonne, is not his ſonne?
Iſt cauſe the boie is ſuch a chopping ladd?
Or cauſe hee is not hair'd like his old dadd?
If this bee all? then thou a fault art in,
Why *Tarlus*, hee is like his mothers kinn,
His mother couzens hath: fine proper men,
The boie in fauour maie bee like to them.

Or

Or like his god-fathers the boie may bee,
That falls out oft, although noe kinn you see.
Fie Tatlus, *If faith thou haſt a ſlaunderous tongue,*
To doe an old-mans yong-wife ſoe much wrong:
Why old-mens breath getts boies, it is ſoe ſtrong.

Satire 28.

LOrd, what meane you Goſſipp? praie forbeare,
My huſband noates your often comming here,
Soe ſoone as euer hee is gott toth' Plowe,
You are here: praie la-bee: what ayle you now?
I will not faith: good-lord y'are ſuch a man,
I hope you'le reſt: hee will bee here a nan:
Y'are ſuch an other: whoo'd thinke you ſuch a one?
Oh! I heare my huſband: praie bee gone.
La-bee I ſaie: fie, fie: I praie la-bee,
Hee's in the yard, hee's crying hutt and gee.
Harke, harke; Ifaith I heare him: oh tis ſore!
Naibour: ſneake out, & I will watch at dore.

Satire 29

Dogges from

WHy *Iohn* quoth *Nan*, I praie nowe *Iohn* forbeare:
You'le not a done, Ifaith I'le hitt your eare,
Whoo'd bee a Chamber-maide? why *Iohn*? fie, fie:
A done I ſaie; Ifaith *Iohn*, I will crie,
Puſh, puſh: praie leaue, another time you ſhall,
Why harke; praie harke: Ifaith my Miſtreſſe call.
Shee'd riſe and make hir readie: out alas,
How will ſhee tie hir ſhoes and want hir glaſſe?
I'm in a fine caſe to goe to hir ſir:
Fie *Iohn*: are not you ſham'd to keepe this ſtirr?
I'de not ha thought you would haue vſ'd mee ſoe,
How is my colour? fie how I doe blowe?
Shame you not to putt mee in this heate?
A handkercher: fie, how my face dus ſweat,
Well, well: Ifaith did not I lone you well,
Of this your wagg'rie to your ſhame I'de tell,
Lord my ruff! ſett it with thy finger *Iohn*,
Harke, harke; pies on hir, how ſhee rapps for *Nan*.
Fare-well, I'le tell hir, ſh'as a waggiſh man.

Satire 30

I Could allowe your ſuite; but doe you here?
My credit *Sir*: my reputation's deare,

what

What greater blott could to my Credit bee?
Then yeilde my loue to ſuch a one as yee.
Againe you knowe your maiſter growes of late,
To haue a mar'les ſuſpitious Ieolous pate.
H'immagins what has paſt: and *John*, you knowe,
Wee haue too open been; twas longe of you.
Lett's charie bee: my deeds ſhall then approue,
That like to thee, none ſhall attaine my loue.

Satire 31.

Prouda: your Father on his death-bedd lies,
Tis tenn to one, within this howre hee dies.
For God-ſake *Prouda* while as hee doth liue,
Goe vnto him; & his greate faulte forgiue.
Hee dus deſire the ſame: hee prates that hee
(E're die) to you may reconciled bee.
For God-ſake *Prouda* let his lateſt breath
Make you a mendes: hee'le ſeale the ſame with Death.
Were I a maide, my Father ſhould be bould
To ſaie, & ſaie againe that I were old.
Alas your father takes it on his death,
Hee ment noe harme with vtt'ring of that breath.
Hee vowes, hee little thought to woman-kinde,
That ſaying would haue troubled ſo their minde.
Good yong-Prouda, *now ſhewe your ſelfe t'aue Witt,*
And but vnto his death hate him for it.

Dogges from

Satire 32.

WIdowes? your *Puſh*, nor *Praie Sir ſtand awaie*,
Noe nor your *fie for ſhame, forbeare I praie*,
Can make a ſouldier ceaſe his enterpriſe;
I tell you widowes, ſouldiers are too wiſe,
They know that breaches into Towres are made,
To enter them; whereby the Towre t'invade.
They knowe that aſking, *ſhall I enter in?*
Is not the waie a Towre, or Forte to winn.
Their diſcipline is ſuch, they vſe ſmale ſpeech,
But with true courage, falls-vppintoh' breach.
Where maugre Daungers worſte, they'le make th'adventure,
And (as true ſpirits ſhould) brauely enter.
They will not with beſeechings *praie them yeild,*
For falls they'le take, but they will winn the field.

Satire 33.

WHy *Matrita*, what will it praie boote mee?
To blabb, or tell a tatling tale of thee,

ſhould

Should I gaine ought to ſaie thou loueſt *John*?
That ſmooth-chin'd youth thy fathers ſerving-man,
Not for a thouſand Millions I'le report,
That nightly to his bedd thou duſt reſort.
Why, I could tell what trickes hee putts on thee:
But they ſhall neuer be reueal'd for mee.
The gettings will but little fill my purſe,
To tell of thy two children ſent to nurſe.
Or tell howe cloſely eu'rie thing was wrought,
As how the mid-wife, blind-folded was brought.
Ifaith but Idle I my ſelfe ſhould ſhowe,
If I ſhould make the world, theſe ſecretts knowe.
Come Wench: none ſhall know't: bee not whot diſmaiede,
Some Londonier will take thee for a maide.

Satire 34.

DEepe deſp'rat daunger in this Satire lies,
Cauſe deſp'rat folkes it dus annotomize.
It tells what manner chatt, when woemen meete,
They each the other commonly doe greete.
Kate bidds hir Goſſipp ſitt, which once downe ſett,

Then

Then fall they vnto that, for which they mett.
That is to prate as they occasion take.
As each occasion for their purpose make,
Occasion good kinde *Kate* has full enough.
To praise hir gossipps fashonable ruffe.
Hir gossipp sitts not mumm, but shee agen,
Lookes on *Kates* gowne, and much comends it then,
Or on hir hatt, orelse vpon hir tyre,
Commending (for the fashon) hir high wyre.
Protesting if hir husband were noe clowne,
Shee would (e're long) haue such a fashon'd gowne.
Hee has enough (quoth shee) and then shee weepes,
But mee (Ifaith (the hogg) at hard-meat keepes.
At which; hir gossipp *Kate* comforts hir then,
And tells hir there's noe best amongst these men.
Tis thought that I quoth shee lead a good life,
But Gossipp, gossipp, since I were his wife,
God knowes it gossipp (speake to you I maie)
I haue endurd manie a stormie daie,
And then dus too-kinde *Kate* a crying fall,
At ende of which, shee curseth man-kinde all.
Yet faith quoth shee why should wee fret at man?
They'le all be naught, lett vs doe what wee cann.
I, quoth hir gossipp, they bee crabby elues,
But letts be wise, & make much of our selu's.
And then the Custardes fetcht to cheare the harte,
At eating which, they'le laugh vntill they ———

The Antippedes.

Satire 35.

MY ruf-rude penn would women fayne befrend
Conld it but finde one worthie to commend
It findes but one, my Miſtres is that one
Elſe had this barren world afforded none
Yet ne're-ſeene-ſhee howe ſhall I ſett hir forth?
Containes in hir a treble world of worth.

Satire 36.

AMbitious girle, why altred I my ſtate?
Howe ſowre's my life to what it was of late
While I in Cottadge did my ſelfe containe
Poore ſimple I, knewe nothinge that was vaine
Then might I gam ſom bee with modeſtie
Yet vnſuſpected reſt, from Ieoloſie
The Milk-maydes *life, oh happ'ire t'is I weene*
Then is the life to be an Emprours Queene.

Satire 37.

BEcauſe madd Girles I knowe what you loue beſt
Out of my loue you ſee I'ue gott you preſt
If there be faultes eſcap't, I doe not feare:
I knowe with *preſſe-ſcapt-faultes* you vſe to beare
I loue you Girles, then howe could I doe leſſe?
Then putt you (ſince I loue you) in tooth preſſe.

Dogges from

Satire 38.

BY Putting other women intooth preſſe
A kind of loue to them I did expreſſe
Becauſe that moſt of them are pleaſed beſt
When by theire loues they moſt of al are preſt
But thou my loue: (my hart is knowne to thee)
By none but by my ſelfe ſhalt preſſed be
All workes I write on thee, (If there's noe let)
I will my ſelfe thoſe workes both print and ſet.
Sweet wench, ſoe ſtyf my loue ſhall ſt and to thee
As I will ſett, prynt, preſſe and write on thee.

Satire 39.

WOmen, you terme me Idle: I confeſſ,
My Idle workes doth ſheve I am noe leſſ
But nowe my Idle worke I will laie by
To praie you better occupyd' then I
Ill occupid' I am; and cauſe t'is ill
Otherwiſe (as you bee) occupyd' I will.

Satire 40.

YOu little Dogges, my farr-fetcht merchaundize
My ſweeteſt foyſtes, my thinges of higheſt prize
Harke to the chardge I ſhall impoſe on you
Not onelie harke, but ſee the ſame you doo

Such

The Antippedes.

Such as ſhall vſe you well: Doggs vnto ſuch
Be fawninge on; of them ſtill make you much
If anie rates or kickes at you: then harke
At them turne you agen, and grynn and bark
But ſee that you with bytinge none aſſayle
Exceptinge thoſe whoo'd haue you lick the tayle
Thoſe onelie byte: & that place byte a good
Die ſoe your fanges, as yf they were all blood.

Satire 41.

CEaſe whippets nowe, noe more a barkinge keepe
Be quiet Dogges, the Ladies will goe ſleepe
Commit them to theire reſt; and doe yee hatke
If pryvate freinds come to them, doe not bark
Avaunt you Currs; commit them to theire eaſe
And ſcudd yon back to your Antipedes.

FINIS.